

THE ARMY'S POETS

THE HILL BACK HOME

I will be the gladdest thing under the sun;
I will touch a hundred flowers, and not pick one.
I will look at cliffs and clouds with quiet eyes
Watch the wind bow down the grass,
And the grass rise.
And when lights begin to show up from the town,
I will mark which must be mine,
And then start down.
Pvt. CLARENCE W. GAUGLER, Q.M.C.

THE QUEST

To bid a fond adieu
To your native shore,
With one great aim in view—
To learn the arts of war;
To spend long, weary hours
In dull routine and drill;
To use your latent powers
Towards gaining martial skill;
To steel your heart and nerve,
Against the day of wrath,
Nor for an instant swerve
From duty's shining path;
To face the hour of strife,
With ardent, eager zest—
This is the soldier's life—
This is his golden quest.
Pvt. GLO. E. PARKER, Co. L.—Inf.

BRIQUET BRILLIANCE

I had a little briquet,
As usual, made of brass;
The thing was awfully tricky,
Sometimes quite short of gas.
At other times the flint stone
Was worn beyond a chance,
But when the thing worked right
I'd matches in my pants.
I swore I'd bought my last ones,
But yet I fell somewhere,
Forgetting all the past ones
And trying once more.
At last I got a good one
That worked at slightest touch;
A thing of little beauty,
In work it counted much.
And men are like these briquets,
They make a fine display
In starting off with brilliance,
But it's soon the other way.
While other folks, much plainer,
Ne'er sparkle without flame;
They have the gas of their desire,
And spark and work the same.
DANIEL T. BARNES, U.S.A.A.S.

TO THE SUBWAY

I used to ride you every night
At five or maybe six;
And every night I used to say
I'd rather ride the Styx.
I was shoved and pushed and stepped on,
I was elbowed, jostled and jammed;
I used to take a chunk off me
Each time that side door slammed.
But though I used to curse you,
I'd pay a million fare
To hear the guard yell out tonight:
"Forty-Second Street—Times Square!"
Q. S. M.

MY DOG

I found him in a shell hole,
With a gas mask on his head,
Crouching down beside his master,
Who he must have known was dead.
Hell was yelling all about us,
So we stayed there through the fight,
Got to sort of like each other
Through the misery of that night.
He has fleas; I have crotches;
He speaks French; I "no compree";
So the rule fifty-fifty goes
Between my dog and me.
You wouldn't say he's handsome,
He's been wounded several times;
But when we boys go over,
Over with us Frenchie climbs.
And when the Boche is gassing,
And we want to test the air,
We try it on my dog first,
But he doesn't seem to care.
He gets no Meuse medals,
No Distinguished Service bar,
But just our admiration,
Doubled by each honored scar.
And when the war is over,
And to our homes we go,
My dog is going back with me—
What's mine is his, you know.
Sgt. F. C. MCCARTHY, Aero Squadron.

PAY DAY

What is the call we like to hear,
Which always brings a husky cheer,
Of all the calls the one most dear?
Pay Day!
The day that sick call blows in vain,
With ne'er a single soul in pain—
They even stand out in the rain?
Pay Day!
What is the day that dawns so fair,
Which drives away that look of care,
And makes us each a millionaire?
Pay Day!
The day in every foreign land
Which makes the tradesmen smile so bland
And grasp the Yankees by the hand?
Pay Day!
WALTER E. BROWN, Amb. Co.

IT'S A GREAT LIFE IF YOU DON'T WEAKEN

We all left home
As happy as could be,
For ahead of us
Adventures we did see.
We stood all knocks
And hardships that came,
For we all knew
The Kaiser was to blame.
Then we had prospects
Of meeting this old man,
And we'd have a chance
To show him where we stand.
But, alas! All of this
Has gone to rot.
For we'll meet him—
I guess not.
Here's the reason—
To my surprise,
They stuck us on
Service of Supplies.
A. D. H., Co. H.—Inf.

MY GIRL OVER THERE

I remember you, dear friend,
When home again I did want,
My way with you, through overhanging
trees;
And I don't forget the talks
We had on those homeward walks,
Even though I am far off across the seas.
And on many of those nights,
As we passed beneath the lights,
I would glance at you, and I could plainly
see—
But I couldn't quite get started,
Before at last we parted,
To speak more plainly, dear, of you and me.
This much I'll tell to you—
And believe me, it is true—
That life is not worth living out—unless
You have something, or someone,
To protect from sun to sun,
And to fight for ere you gain your happiness.
That is what I'm doing now,
And it makes me feel, somehow,
As if all I love is measured by the Hun:
For it's just such girls as you
Who will make us stick it through,
And keep it up until the fight is won.
IRVIN SALEM, Tank Center.

THE THREE DUSKETEERS



[Photograph by S.C. A.E.F.]

We ain't no Saimmies, boss. We's de Saimbos, da's what we is—de Saimbos. We's done come awn over yere 'om ovuh yonder awn er laivee, to wuhk awn dese yere docks an' sech. Oh, we lahk it all rait, we does—onl dey's a lot of nigrums ovuh yere wearin' dem 'll rait hats what's been ovuh so long dey done forgot der own languish.
But we's gettin' educatified, somehov, too. We's learnt haow to say "pulit" fo' chicken, and "faimbone" fo' him, but dey ain't no French w'd fo' water-million, nohaow. An' dey ain't no sweet co'n, no 'no yams, no 'no possum 'sept dese Boche as he 'raound puttend lahk dey daid.
But we lahkis hit: oh, yais'm, bet yo' half we does! 'An' sence we been readin' of some French books transmogrified into Googrian, we calls ou'selves "De Tree Dusketees!"

NEVER LEND A SOU UNLESS YOU WANT TO

If You're Uninsured and Unallotted and Uncourt-Martialed, You'll Be Popular—and Further—more You'll Be Broke

Never lend money to no one in the Army. I tried it, and I know.
No sir; never lend no one no money in no army what you're in. You never get it back. If you're a millionaire, and ain't got no more sense than to let your money follow you round in the army, give it away, if you gotter. But lend it? There ain't no such thing as lending!
Lookit what happened to me. I thought I was in luck. I ain't got no folks nor no home nor no nothing, so I didn't have to make no allotment. Not having no folks nor no home nor no nothing, I didn't feel as how I had to put up for no insurance for nobody, because if I was beamed by a bomb nobody would care except the supply sergeant, who had wasted a lot of clothes on me, and he wouldn't care much because he don't have to pay for the clothes. And it was just my luck I was on K.P. the day the whole company was held up for Liberty Bonds and they didn't get down to the cookshack, so I got out of that all right.

Not a Tightwad

I had a summary a long time ago, but when they pulled me up, the court officer didn't turn up, so I wasn't bothered no pay for that. So when you come down to it, I found I was about the only guy in the company what was drawin' the 30 bucks a month, with the 10 per cent more for foreign service pay, what they promise you on them posters when they invite you to join the Army and see the world and your country needs you and learn a trade.
Now, I ain't no tightwad nor no hard-boiled egg nor nothing, but they is wise advertisin' and foolish advertisin' and I don't believe in advertisin' nohow. So I kep my trap shut about what I was drawin' savin' it up as it come along for that leave to Paris what I took and which didn't cost me much because I didn't stay as long as I intended to because it was all old stuff there, and doin' my own washin' and not spendin' much of anything except for smokes now and then. Of course, I chipped in for a STARS AND STRIPES orphan because I was a orphan myself.
But secrets will out, whether you tell 'em to women or not. One pay day we was passin' through the new barracks, single file, to get oars. The paymaster's clerk, who was a guy what I could have ticked, hollers out my name.
"Check!" says the paymaster.
"If it's just the same to you, sir," sezzi, "I'd rather have it in cash. It's easier to count."

Like a Train Announcer

But the paymaster didn't pay no attention, and his clerk, a guy what I could have ticked, didn't pay no attention either. The clerk, he hollers out like he was announcin' trains in the Pennsy station.
"No allotments! No Liberty Bonds!" "Sh!" sezzi, "Ain't you got no respect for privacy?"
But I might just as well of talked to a wooden Indian. He hollers out: "No insurance! No forfeited pay! No stoppages! Nothing due the United States! A hundred and eighty-eight francs and ten centimes!"
I took it, sluted, and says "Thanks." It was no time to ask questions. But that fool clerk, by tryin' to exercise his voice—he must of been a extra singer or somethin' before he joined—had let the whole company in on it. They was whistlin' and sayin' "—" and pretendin' they was faintin' all the time I was goin' out the door.
Well, I tried to appear unconcerned like, and stopped outside the door and counted my kazuma just to be sure that fresh clerk hadn't short changed me nor sprung no French chamber of commerce money on me. That's a funny thing about chamber of commerce in the States and over here. In the States all what chamber of commerce do is talk, but over here they make their own money. And most of the money, like most of the talk, is no good except when you're close up to it and can't get away from it.

Silver and a Clacker

But there it was, all in good notes of the Bank de France, with some silver and one clacker to make up the odd change. I was just about goin' to put it in my belt when up comes Bud Hoban, what bunked with me on the boat comin' over.
"Say, guy," sezzi, "you pulled down a lot o' kate, didn't you?"
"No more than I deserved," sezzi.
"No," sezzi, "that's right; but lookit where I get off. Hell, I'm married, and they make me assign half my pay to the missus, and I just had to take out insurance what with her readin' in the papers about it as how it could be did, an' I got a dock for tellin' the Skipper what I thought of him when he ast me to, an' I got a load o' laundry in hook

THE BLEAT OF A BANTAM

There's a lady to my liking, tall and lissome, dark and striking,
Like the saints upon the tapestries at Exeter;
As an angel by Rossetti so appears my stately Betty
That the boys along the Mall all crane their necks at her.
But my love for this bright vision is the object of derision,
For I'm five feet four, while she is five feet ten;
So when'er I voice my passion, I am jeered in horrid fashion
By my mess-mates in the outfit—crude men!
They offer to put weights upon my toes
To lengthen me; perhaps 'twould help—who knows?

But let that be, it's perfectly plain to see
That such a match would never, never do;
For her cheeks are as the roses, and patrician-like her nose is,
While I'm freckled, and my back is all askew.
The artists who designed us in a sorry plight now find us,
All at variance with Nature's lovely plan—
So goodbye lackadaydee!
To my fair Burne-Jones lady,
For I'm nothing but a Reuben Goldberg man!

Though I plow the mud of Flanders under sharp and stern commanders
And accumulate reward beyond conjecture;
Though I win as many medals as a corner fakir peddles,
They will weigh me down, and dwarf my architecture.
If I'm wounded, you can betcher, as they lay me on the stretcher,
I will tell the grinning Medic, "Have a care!"
If you amputate, deal kindly, for I love a tall girl blindly.
And I can't afford to lose a single hair!
When sawing, saw me lengthwise, not across,
And if I shrink, I'll sue you for the loss!"

But let that be, it's perfectly plain to see
That such a match would never, never do;
For her features are angelic; as for mine, they call 'em hell-ic—
I'm a mongrel, while her blood is highbrow blue.
So chant the croaking chorus, for the cross-roads are before us,
And unto my nubby affection tie the can;
So goodbye lackadaydee!
To my fair Burne-Jones lady,
For I'm nothing but a Reuben Goldberg man!

time havin' a franc shortage, he was a good guy.

I went in and saw him. After askin' about the gang and all the rest, he says, sorter mournful like:
"Say, that order for commishion of rations never did come through, ha they put us on our backs an' in messes for meals on the road, but half the time we was late for messes and the cooks wouldn't give us nothing because they didn't have nothing left to give us and you know what cooks is anyway. So I just had to buy meals outen that hunderd you slipped me."
"Thass all right, Lem," sezzi, not wantin' to hurt a hurted guy's feelin's. But that wasn't how I felt.
Just then it happened to look down at the chart on the table beside Lem's bed. On it was the name where it says "Condition at time of entrance," and nurse had wrote in: "RUDDY AND WELL NOURISHED."

I says goodbye to Lem, and got outside that hospital fast as I could. Then I says, "Rudly and well nourished? No wonder! I done it—done it with all my pay!"

WHAT IS A DIGGER?

A Digger is the name by which one Aussie hails another. Just as one Tommy salutes another with "Cheero, Mate," just as a doughboy either says "Hello, Old-timer" or "Ah, there, Buddy," so your soldier from under the Southern Cross has recently taken up the custom of greeting every fellow Australian by "Ay, Digger."
It used to be "Ay, Cobber," but fashion change in these things. "Digger," which sounds like an aspersion on the lowly task of trench warfare, is really an echo of the days when their forefathers made their fortunes digging for gold on the other side of the world.

MUSICIANS

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Back in the Billet

By the time I got back to the billet all the rest of the gang was there and when I come in they all begins to yell. Lookit, here comes John F. Rockefeller! Who's the J. Pierpont Morgan of our little family? Whaddaya goin' do with it? Buy Long Island or re-store Belgium or go into business by yourself?

"Nix," sezzi, knowin' what was comin' soon as they got me alone.
Sure enough: that night Lem, my mate, sneaks a ride in a bread truck down to the big town and comes it after taps. Next mornin', as I was sneakin' my first smoke in bed before first call, he whispers over:
"Say, can you lemme somethin' to last out the month on? I went down to town, I did, and I got busted. I must of been overcharge or somethin'. I dunno."

Well, what's a feller goin' to do? I dug down in my belt and forked him over a 20. He's a damn good scout, even if he ain't got no head for money.

My troubles was just beginnin' then, but I didn't know it. Lem went to town on our Sat'dy afternoon off—just my luck, I was on guard, so my money didn't do me no good—and come back again busted. I give him a lecture but I couldn't refuse him no money, and he needed it. Sometimes I think I'm too tender-hearted that way.

One Way to Save

Lem behaved fine for a while, borrowin' my bill to roll his'n and savin' my money on buyin' smokes of his own that way. Then one day about noon he comes into the billet and he says:
"Say, whaddaya know? I been ordered off to Blabin on detach service—motor-bike ridin' I guess. Ain't it fine? The only thing is I will need some money to start me off, but I won't need it long. I hear they pay them motor-bike guys two bucks a day for commishion of rations, and I oughta be able to save money on that after I get started and pay you back all what I owe you."
I saw it was my cue, so I dug down the cent franc note, the big one what I'd been savin' up. I had enough to see me through to the end of the month and besides they was a rumor around that we was goin' into the trenches again and you can't spend no money up there unless you're a pie hound and I ain't, so I guessed I could get by.

Well, that was the last I see of Lem and my hundred for a good while. He packed his kit and went off in a truck down to Blabin. I got a card from him one day sayin', "Having a fine time wish you was here," and I gritted my teeth.

News from Lem

One day one of the motor-bike guys driv up to our headquarters and got off. I ast him if he knew anything about Lem.
"Yes," sezzi, "he got throwed off his bike down the line and got pretty bad gummud up. He's in a hospital 'bout two miles from here—Saint something, they call 'em burg. Says he'd like to see some of his old gang if they get off."
The coming Sunday I begged off a wood detail and hiked it over to this hospital. I wasn't going to hold up no sick man for my money, but I wanted to see how Lem was. Even if he was all the

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